

DAREDEVIL MARVEL COMICS GROUP™

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DAREDEVIL™

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR™



WHY DON'T
YOU JUST LIE
DOWN AND DIE,
DAREDEVIL?

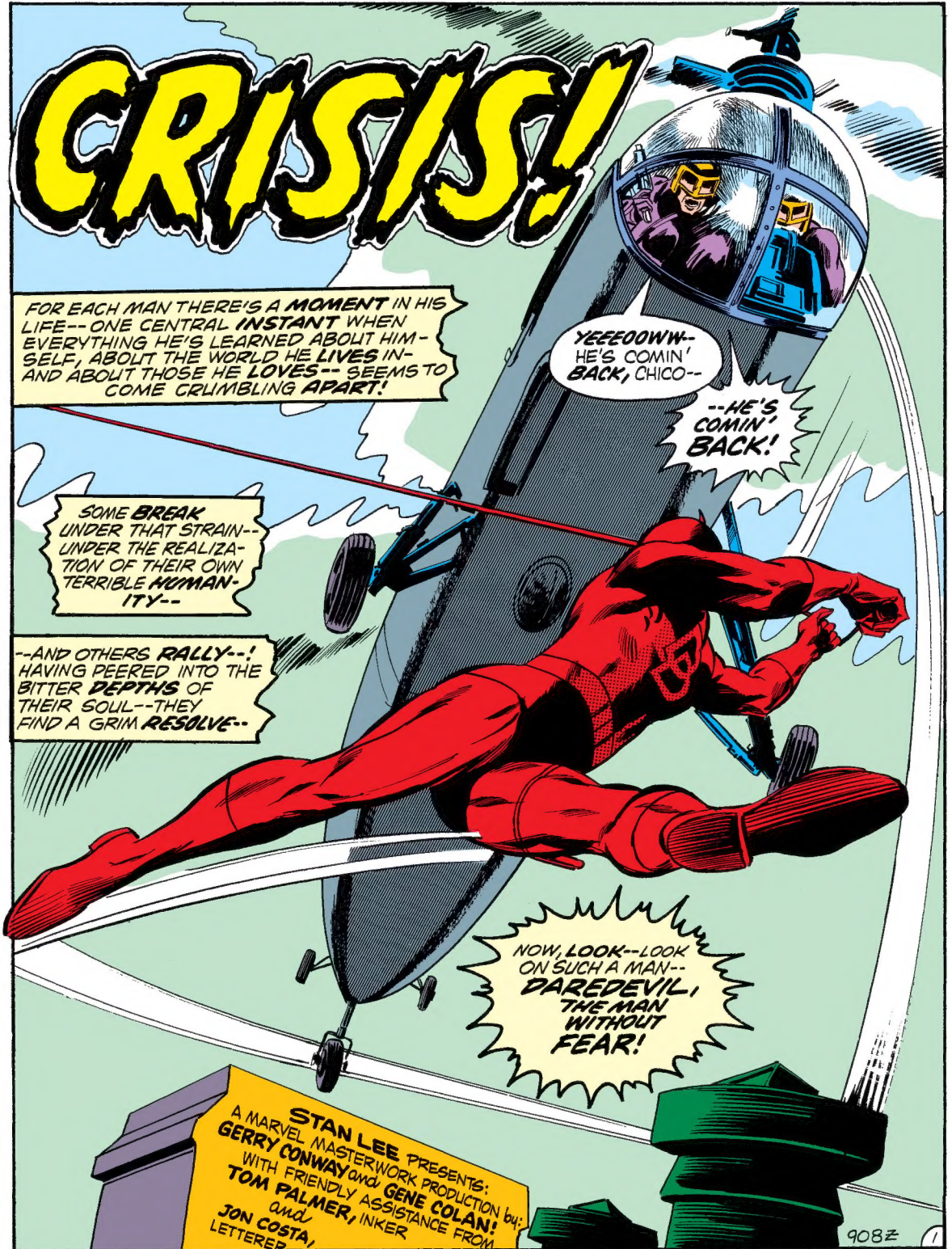
MAYBE YOU
COULD HANDLE
ELECTRO--
OR EVEN
KILLGRAVE--

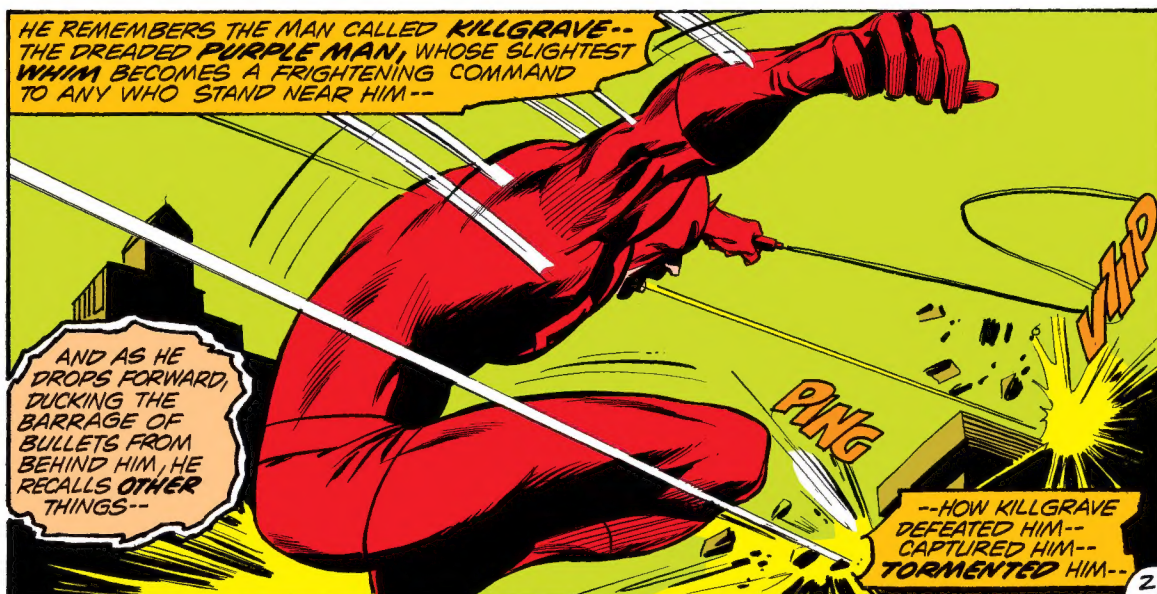
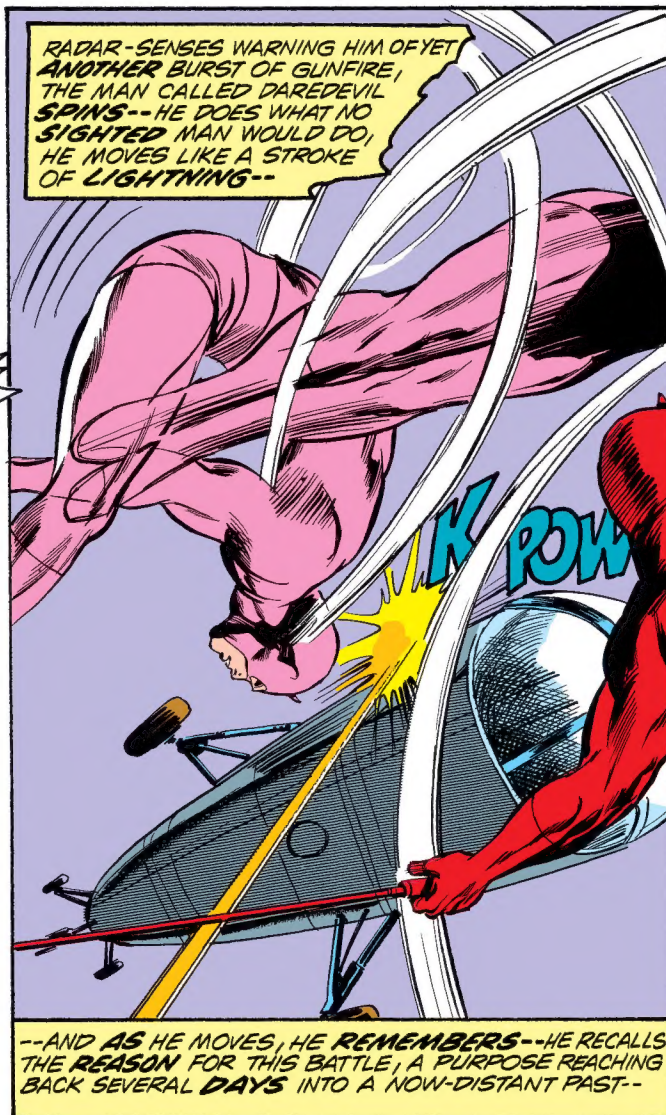
--BUT
YOU'LL
NEVER
BEAT US
BOTH!!

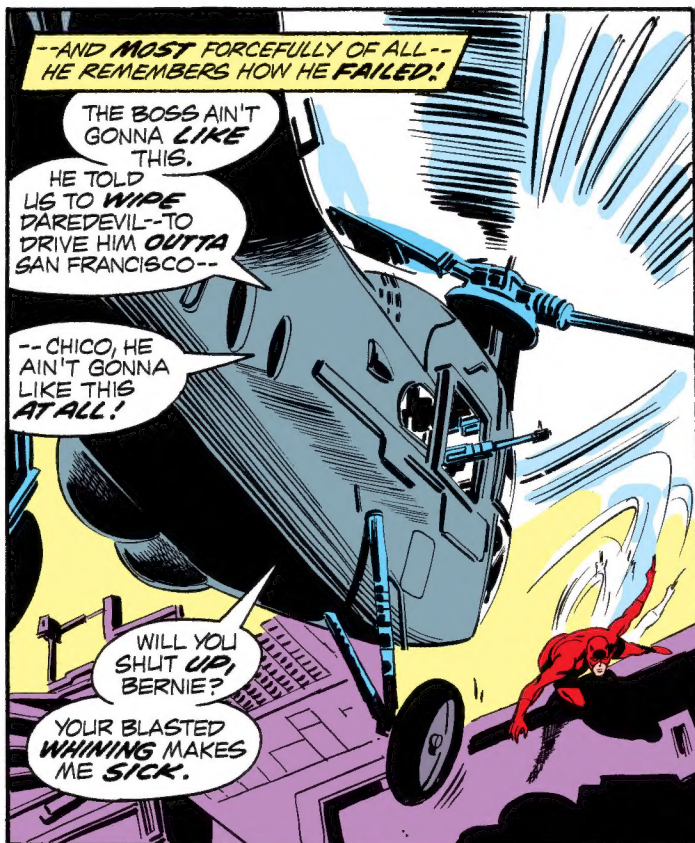


CRISIS IN THE SKY!

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™







--AND **MOST** FORCEFULLY OF ALL--
HE REMEMBERS HOW HE **FAILED!**

THE BOSS AIN'T
GONNA **LIKE**
THIS.

HE TOLD
US TO **WIPE**
DAREDEVIL--TO
DRIVE HIM **OUTTA**
SAN FRANCISCO--

-- CHICO, HE
AIN'T GONNA
LIKE THIS
AT ALL!

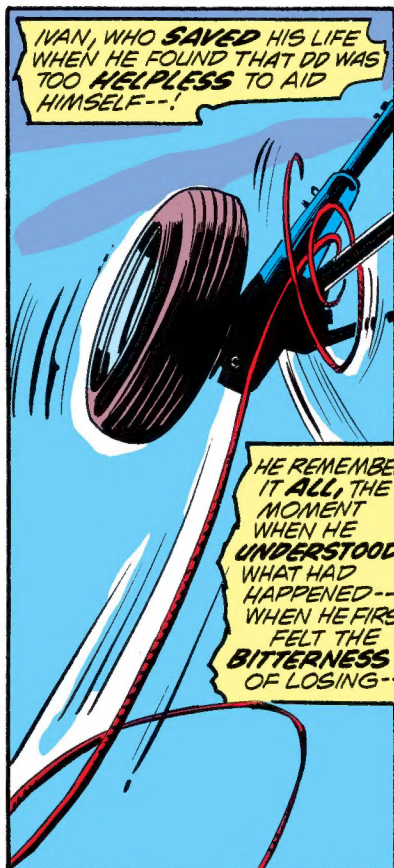
WILL YOU
SHUT **UP**,
BERNIE?

YOUR BLASTED
WHINING MAKES
ME **SICK**.



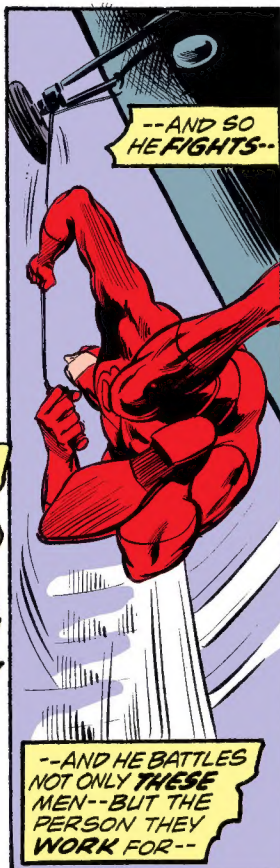
YES, HE REMEMBERS--HE REMEMBERS THAT FAILURE, AND HE REMEMBERS **OTHER** THINGS--

HE RECALLS A
MAN NAMED **IVAN**,
CHAUFFEUR AND
FRIEND TO **MADAME**
NATASHA--



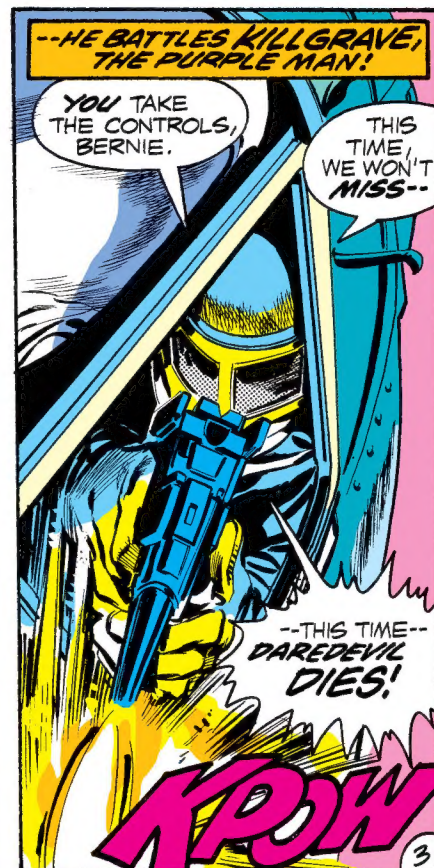
IVAN, WHO **SAVED** HIS LIFE
WHEN HE FOUND THAT DD WAS
TOO **HELPLESS** TO AID
HIMSELF--!

HE REMEMBERS
IT **ALL**, THE
MOMENT
WHEN HE
UNDERSTOOD
WHAT HAD
HAPPENED--
WHEN HE FIRST
FELT THE
BITTERNESS
OF LOSING--



--AND SO
HE **FIGHTS--**

--AND HE BATTLES
NOT ONLY **THESE**
MEN--BUT THE
PERSON THEY
WORK FOR--



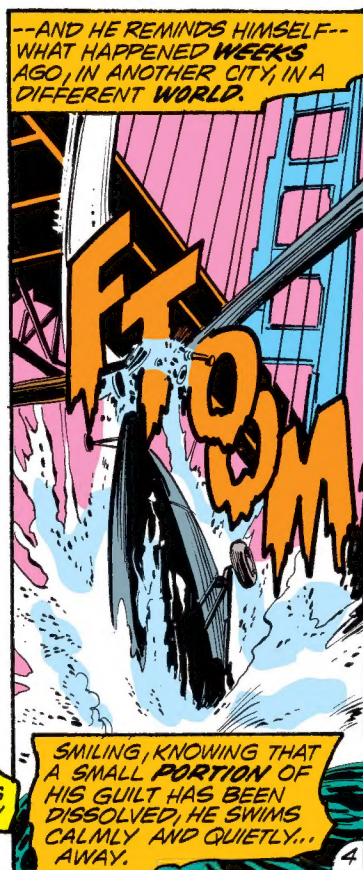
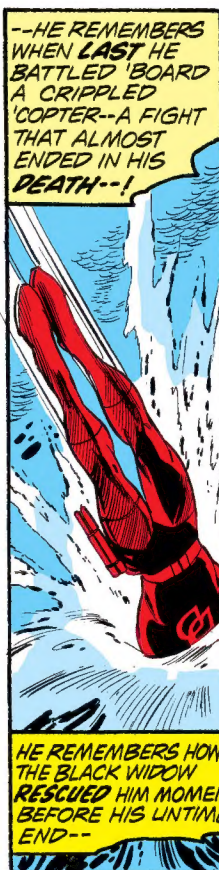
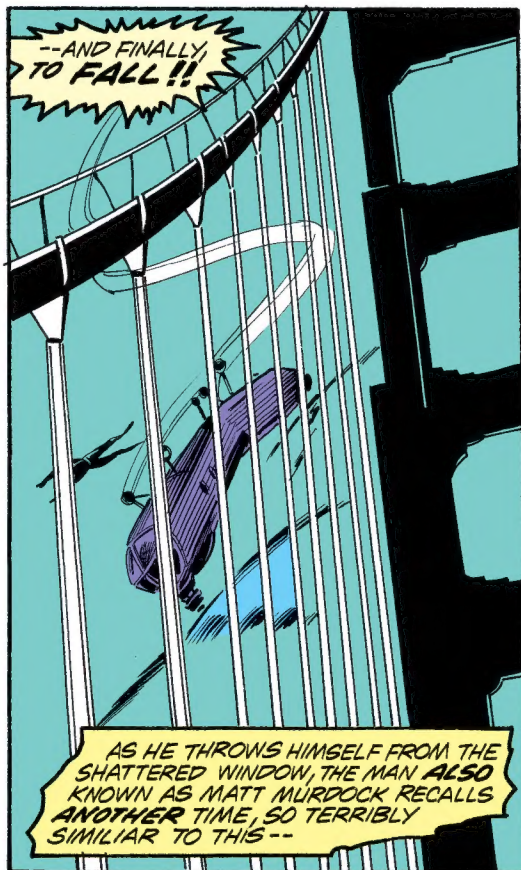
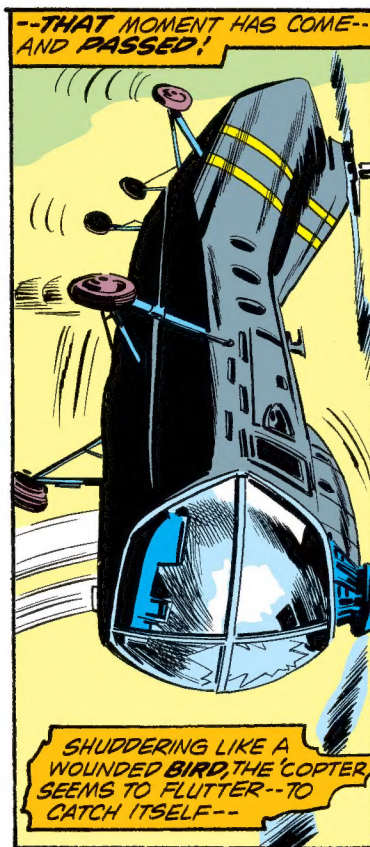
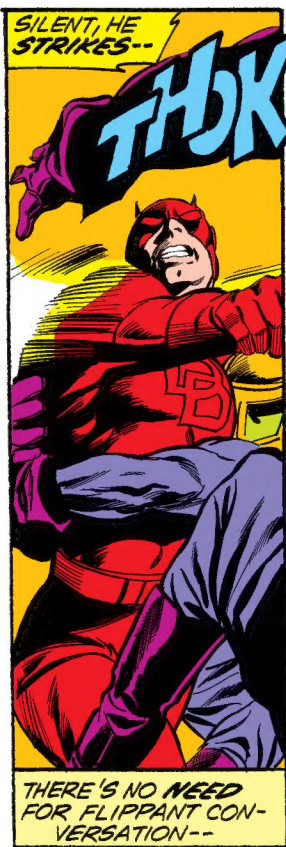
--HE BATTLES **KILL GRAVE**,
THE **PURPLE** MAN!

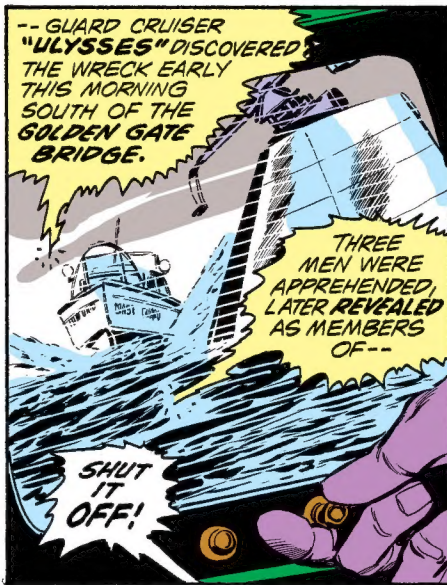
YOU TAKE
THE CONTROLS,
BERNIE.

THIS
TIME
WE WON'T
MISS--

--THIS TIME--
DAREDEVIL
DIES!

KPOW

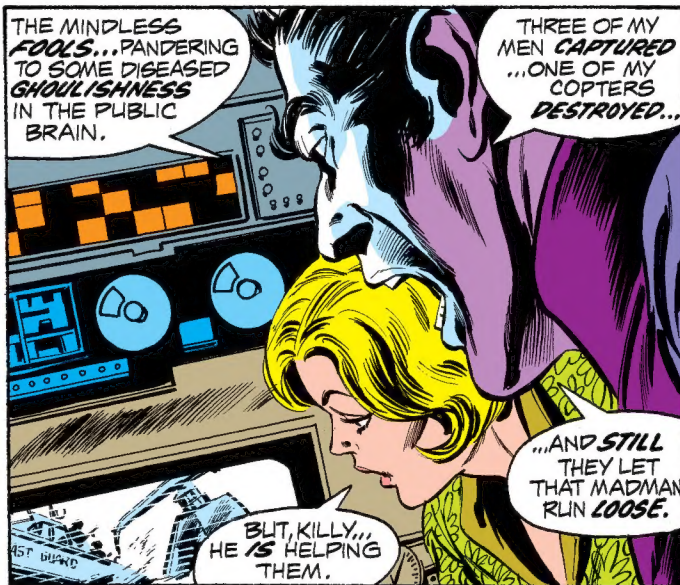




-- GUARD CRUISER "ULYSSES" DISCOVERED THE WRECK EARLY THIS MORNING SOUTH OF THE GOLDEN GATE BRIDGE.

THREE MEN WERE APPREHENDED, LATER REVEALED AS MEMBERS OF--

SHUT IT OFF!

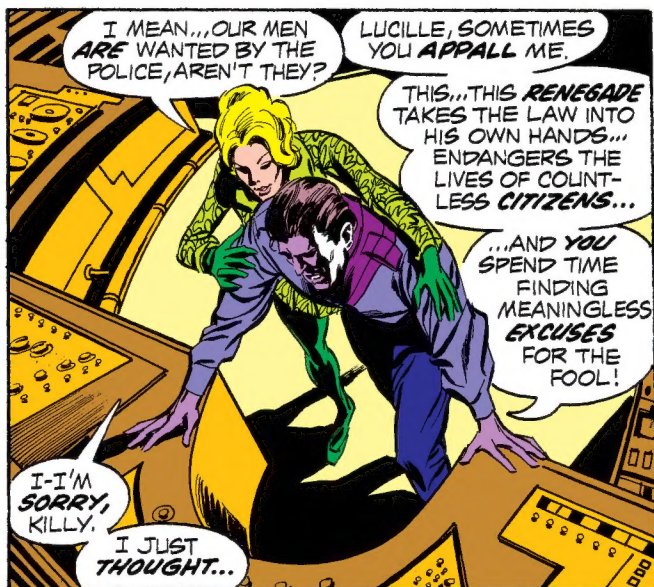


THE MINDLESS FOOLS...PANDERING TO SOME DISEASED GHOULISHNESS IN THE PUBLIC BRAIN.

THREE OF MY MEN CAPTURED...ONE OF MY COPTERS DESTROYED...

...AND STILL THEY LET THAT MADMAN RUN LOOSE.

BUT, KILLY... HE IS HELPING THEM.



I MEAN...OUR MEN ARE WANTED BY THE POLICE, AREN'T THEY?

LUCILLE, SOMETIMES YOU APPALL ME.

THIS...THIS RENEGADE TAKES THE LAW INTO HIS OWN HANDS... ENDANGERS THE LIVES OF COUNTLESS CITIZENS...

...AND YOU SPEND TIME FINDING MEANINGLESS EXCUSES FOR THE FOOL!

I-I'M SORRY, KILLY.

I JUST THOUGHT...

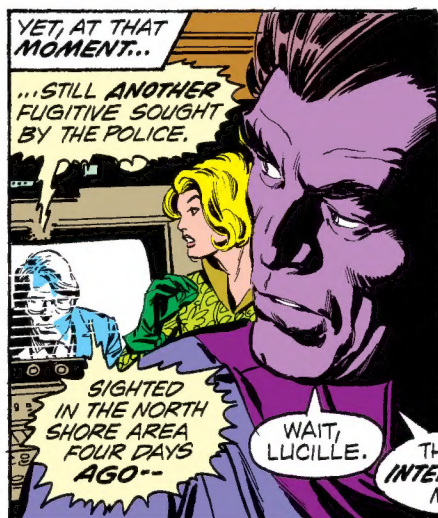


MY DEAR GIRL, YOU MUST NEVER THINK.

NOW...I MUST BE ALONE. I HAVE TO CONSIDER THIS MATTER MOST CAREFULLY...

THAT IS THE SOLE PROVINCE OF KILL-GRAVE.

O-O-KAY, KILLY.



YET, AT THAT MOMENT...

...STILL ANOTHER FUGITIVE SOUGHT BY THE POLICE.

SIGHTED IN THE NORTH SHORE AREA FOUR DAYS AGO--

WAIT, LUCILLE.

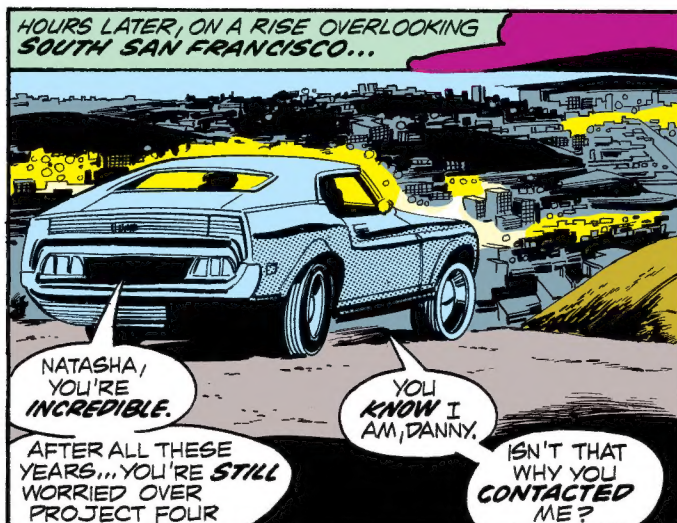
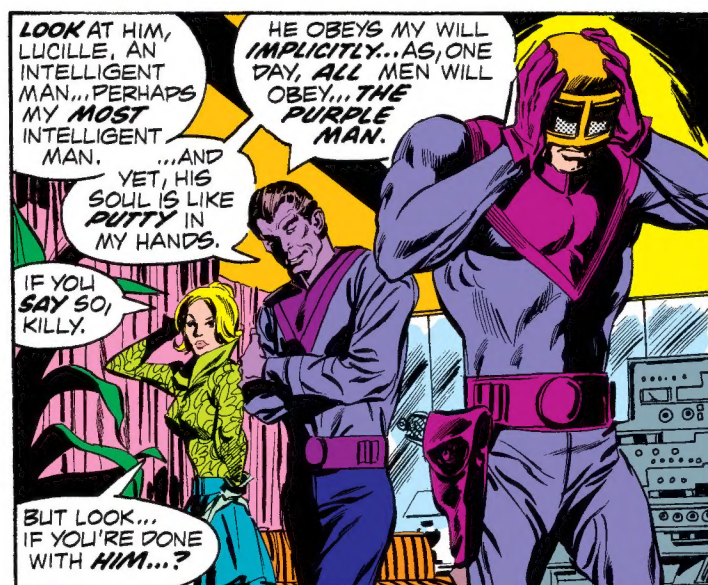
THIS INTERESTS ME.



--THE MAN KNOWN ONLY AS ELECTRO REMAINS AT LARGE.

AS YOU MAY RECALL, ELECTRO WAS THE FIRST SUPER-VILLAIN DARE-DEVIL ENCOUNTERED IN--

CLICK





DANNY,
PLEASE...
WE WERE
FRIENDS
ONCE. THAT
DOESN'T
MEAN...

DOESN'T
IT,
NATASHA?

LOOK, IF YOU'RE
SO CONCERNED
ABOUT PROJECT
FOUR...

UH-UH /
MISTER
FRENCH.

IF YOU
JUST
HINTED
WHAT I
THINK
YOU
HINTED--

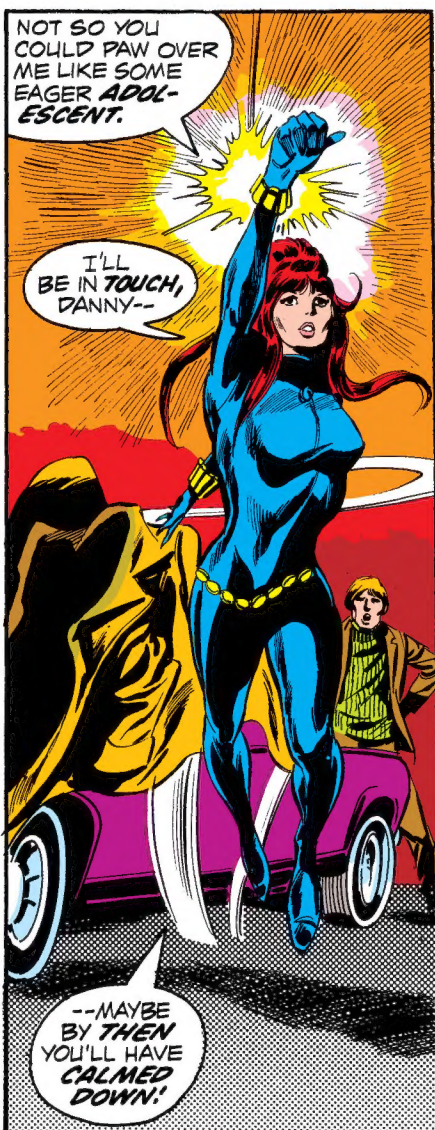
--THIS
IS WHERE
I GET
OFF.



HEY, LOOK,
HONEY--I DIDN'T
MEAN--!

SAY--
WHAT'RE YOU
DOING?

I AGREED TO
MEET YOU SO WE
COULD **TALK!**
DANNY--



NOT SO YOU
COULD PAW OVER
ME LIKE SOME
EAGER **ADOL-
ESCENT.**

I'LL
BE IN **TOUCH,**
DANNY--

--MAYBE
BY **THEN**
YOU'LL HAVE
CALMED
DOWN!

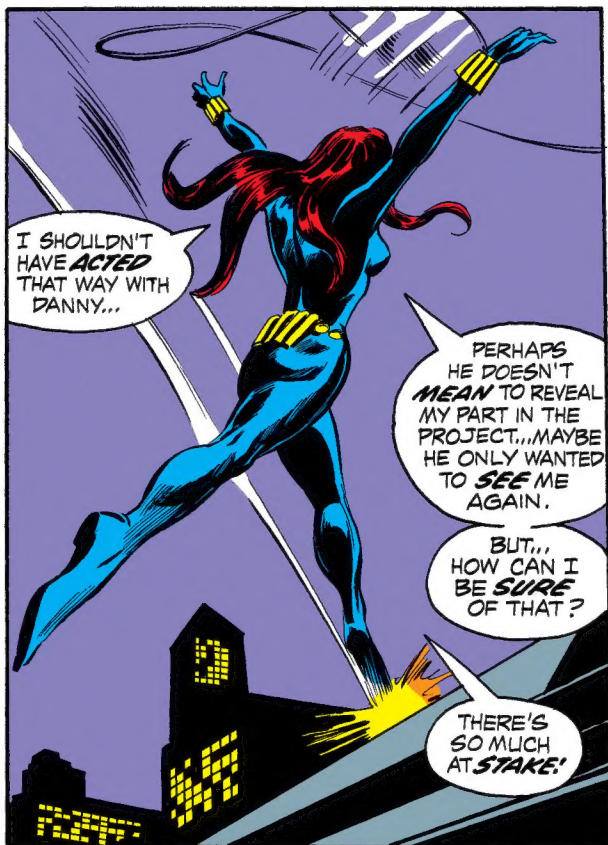
HER WIDOW'S WEB CATCHING THE SPIRE OF A DISTANT CHURCH, SHE ARCS **OUT--** AND EVEN AS SHE SWINGS, SHE FEELS HER HEART BEATING--SLAMMING **RAPIDLY** IN GROWING FEAR--

MATT AND I LEFT
NEW YORK TO GET
AWAY FROM
THIS SORT OF
THING--

--FROM THE
CONSTANT **SUSPICION--**
THE GROWING APPRE-
HENSION NEITHER OF
US COULD **EVER**
QUITE ABANDON--!

HAVE WE JUST CHANGED
LOCALES? WILL THE
PERSECUTION START
ALL **OVER** AGAIN--
HERE, IN **SAN**
FRANCISCO?





I SHOULDN'T HAVE **ACTED** THAT WAY WITH DANNY...

PERHAPS HE DOESN'T **MEAN** TO REVEAL MY PART IN THE PROJECT...MAYBE HE ONLY WANTED TO **SEE** ME AGAIN.

BUT... HOW CAN I BE **SURE** OF THAT?

THERE'S SO MUCH AT **STAKE!**

UNBIDDEN, THE IMAGE OF THE MAN SHE LOVES --OR **THINKS** SHE LOVES--RISES FROM THE DARKNESS OF HER THOUGHTS--

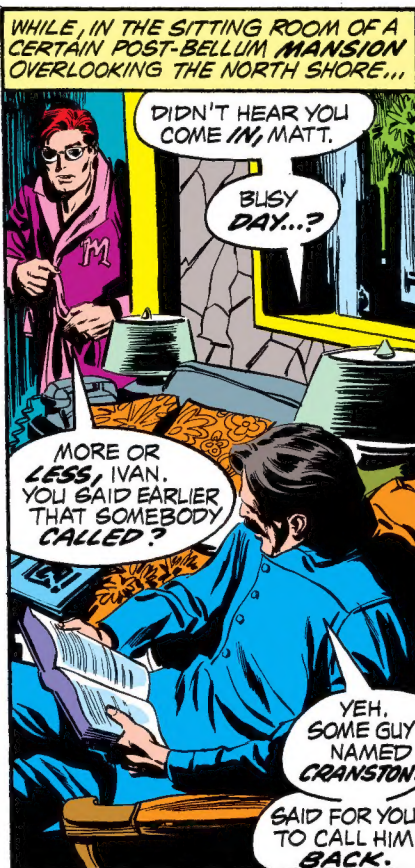


AT FIRST, SHE SMILES-- AND THEN THE SMILE **FADES**--



THE PRESSURES, THE **CONFUSIONS** THAT SURROUND HER--BECOME TOO **MUCH**--

--AND IN THE SOFT GRAY SHADOWS OF THE EARLY **EVENING**, APART FROM THE SOUNDS OF THE CITY MURMURING BELOW, AND YET INSTINCTIVELY **ONE** WITH THEM--THE WIDOW CRIES.



WHILE, IN THE SITTING ROOM OF A CERTAIN POST-BELLUM **MANSION** OVERLOOKING THE NORTH SHORE...

DIDN'T HEAR YOU COME **IN**, MATT.

BUSY **DAY**...?

MORE OR **LESS**, IVAN. YOU SAID EARLIER THAT SOMEBODY **CALLED**?

YEH. SOME GUY NAMED **CRANSTON**.

SAID FOR YOU TO CALL HIM **BACK**.



LARRY CRANSTON, **HMM?** ONE OF THE **BETTER** CRIMINAL LAWYERS IN THE STATES.

GUESS THAT'S THE **MAN**,

CAN'T GET OVER THE WAY MURDOCK MOVES...JUST LIKE HE WASN'T **BLIND**.

THE WAY HE DIALS THAT **PHONE** ...SENDS **CHILLS** UP MY SPINE!

LARRY...? THIS IS MATT. I GATHER NEWS TRAVELS **FAST** IN SAN FRAN!

HEARD YOU WERE IN TOWN, MY BOY-- THOUGHT I'D SEE WHAT YOUR **PLANS** WERE.

RIGHT NOW, I'M OPEN TO **SUGGESTIONS**, LAR.

HAVE ANY?

AS A MATTER OF **FACT**, MATT-- I **DO**.

--I WAS TALKING TO MY SENIOR PARTNER, FRANK SLOAN-- AND WE THOUGHT WE'D OFFER YOU A **POSITION**.

...FINE, MATT. **THINK** ON IT, THEN.

CALL ME FRIDAY WITH YOUR **ANSWER**.

I'VE BEEN **WAITING** BUT... THERE FOR SOMETHING LIKE THIS. **ARE OTHER** THINGS I'VE GOT TO CLEAR UP **FIRST**.

SLAM

...AND HERE'S ONE OF THEM **NOW**.

CLICK

TASHA? IS THAT YOU?

YES, MATT. I'VE BEEN... **OUT**.

COULD WE TALK **LATER**? I'M... RATHER **TIRED**.

LITTLE LADY, WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT **NOW**.

FOR THE PAST FOUR DAYS YOU'VE BEEN ACTING LIKE A **HAUNT**--

--AND HONEY, I'M--

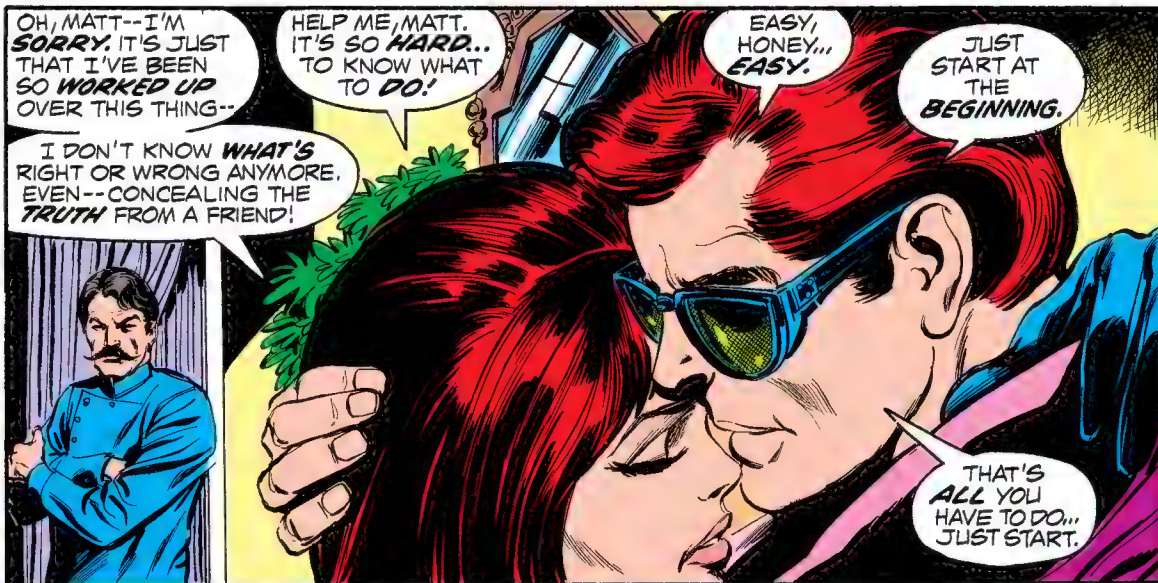
BLAST IT, WIDOW-- I'M TALKING TO YOU!

NOT NOW, MATT.

PLEASE... NOT **NOW**.

MAYBE I AM JUST A **BLIND** MAN, TASHA...

...BUT IT DOESN'T TAKE A **SIGHTED** MAN TO TELL YOU'VE BEEN **CRYING**.





AND AFTER A HURRIED EXPLANATION--

HE WANTS A
PACT, EH?

PERHAPS
I'LL PROFIT
BY SUCH AN
ALLIANCE/
AT THAT.

TAKE ME **TO** HIM,
FRIEND--AND
HURRY--



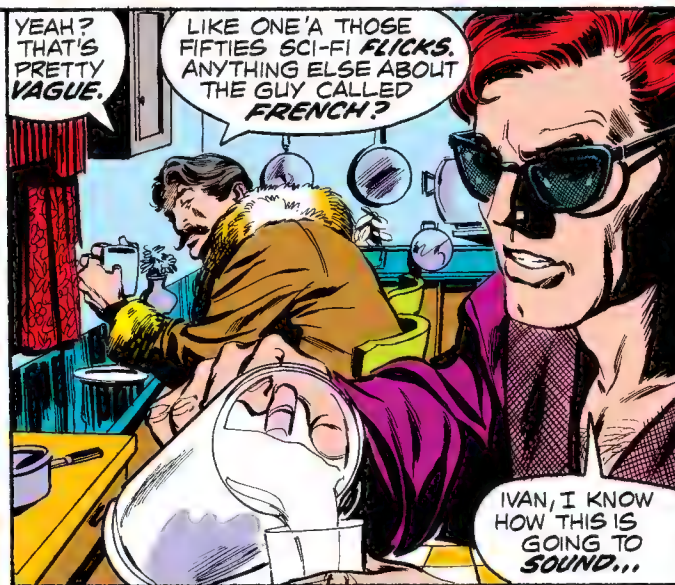
--LEST
I CHANGE
MY **MIND**.



SOON, AT THE WIDOW'S
MANSION...

WELL, MATT?
WHAT'D SHE
HAVE TO SAY?

SOMETHING
ABOUT A PLAN
CALLED **PRO-**
JECT FOUR...



YEAH?
THAT'S
PRETTY
VAGUE.

LIKE ONE'A THOSE
FIFTIES SCI-FI **FLICKS**.
ANYTHING ELSE ABOUT
THE GUY CALLED
FRENCH?

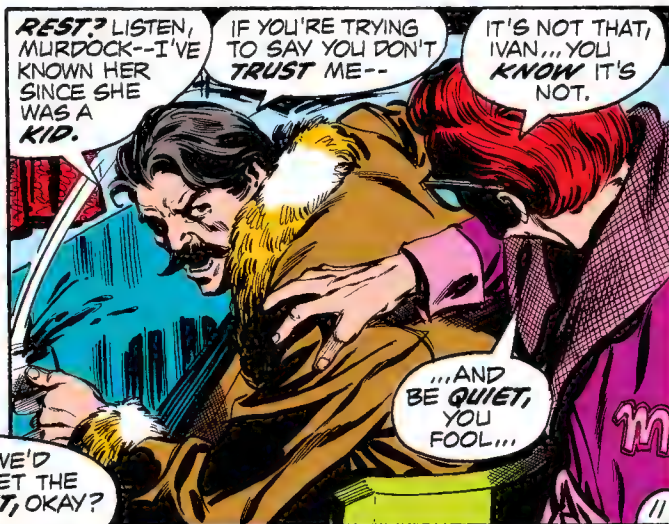
IVAN, I KNOW
HOW THIS IS
GOING TO
SOUND...



...BUT I'M
NOT REALLY
SURE I
SHOULD
TELL
YOU.

TASHA'S
UPSET...
FRIGHTENED.

MAYBE WE'D
BETTER JUST LET THE
WHOLE THING **REST**, OKAY?



REST? LISTEN,
MURDOCK--I'VE
KNOWN HER
SINCE SHE
WAS A
KID.

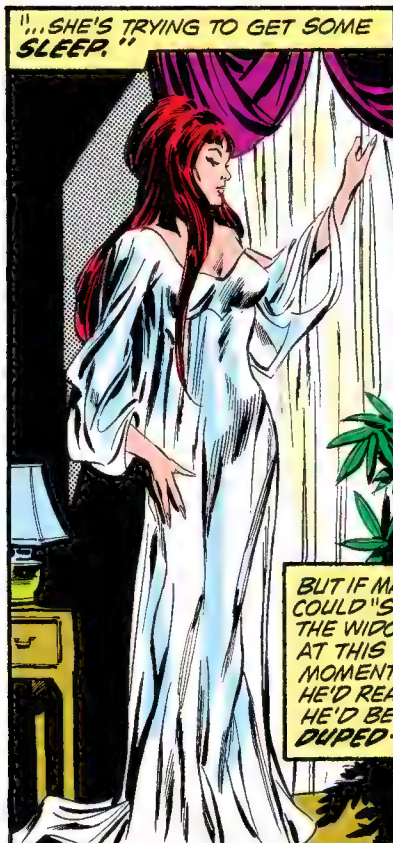
IF YOU'RE TRYING
TO SAY YOU DON'T
TRUST ME--

IT'S NOT THAT,
IVAN... YOU
KNOW IT'S
NOT.

...AND
BE **QUIET**,
YOU
FOOL...

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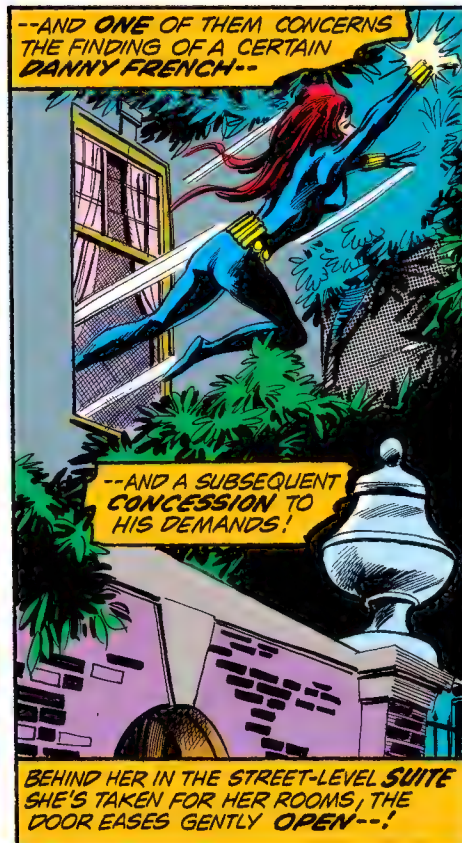
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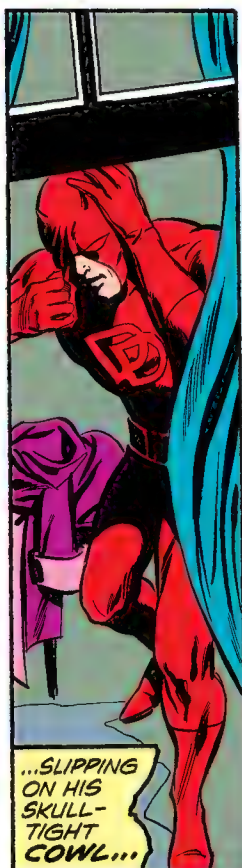
BUT IF MATT COULD "SEE" THE WIDOW AT THIS MOMENT, HE'D REALIZE HE'D BEEN **DUPED**--



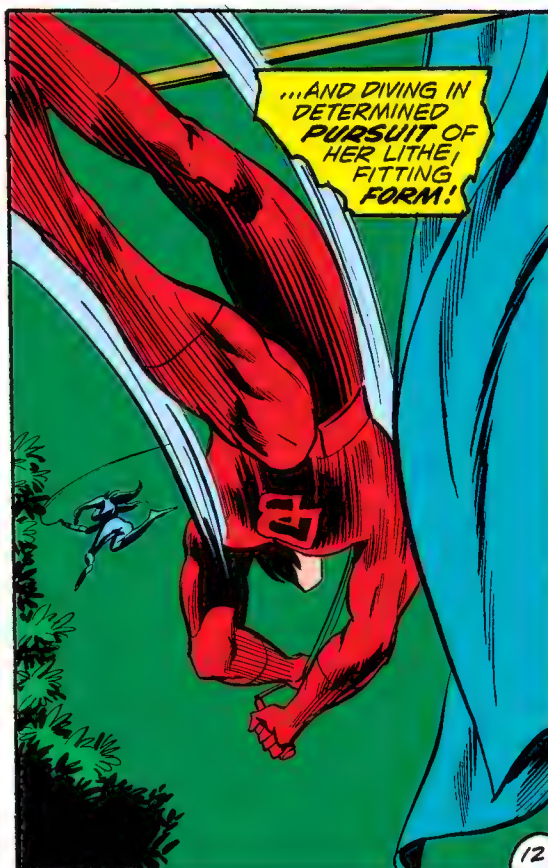
--THAT WHEN SHE ASKED TO BE ALONE, SHE HAD THINGS OTHER THAN REST IN MIND--

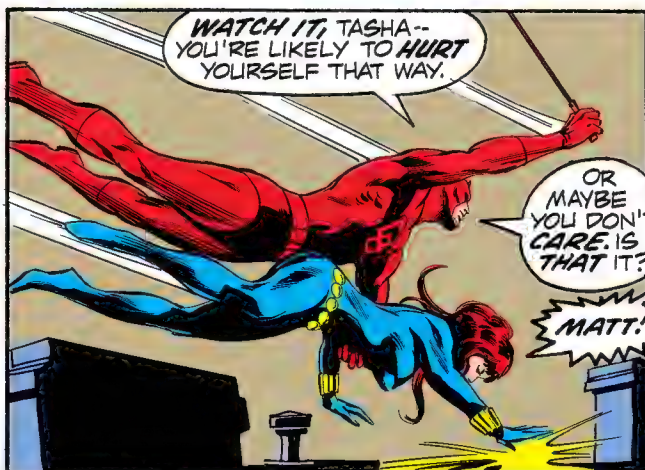
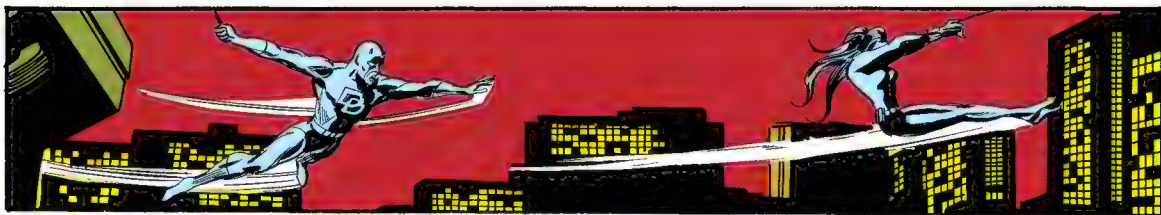


THEN, HE **UNDERSTANDS**... AND HE MOVES FORWARD, SHRUGGING OUT OF HIS ROBE...



...SLIPPING ON HIS SKULL-TIGHT COWL...





WATCH IT, TASHA--
YOU'RE LIKELY TO **HURT**
YOURSELF THAT WAY.

OR
MAYBE
YOU DON'T
CARE. IS
THAT IT?

MATT!

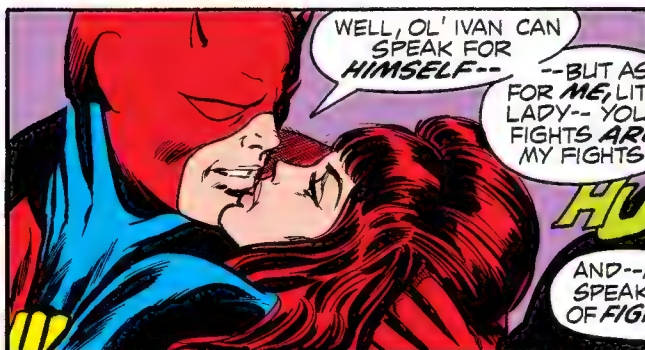


GOOD GUESS,
KID. NOW LET
ME TRY.

OH, MATT--WHAT
ELSE AM I
SLIPPED TO
DO?

YOU
WERE
GOING
AFTER
DANNY
FRENCH,
RIGHT?

I CAN'T
DRAG YOU
AND IVAN IN--
IT'S NOT **YOUR**
FIGHT!



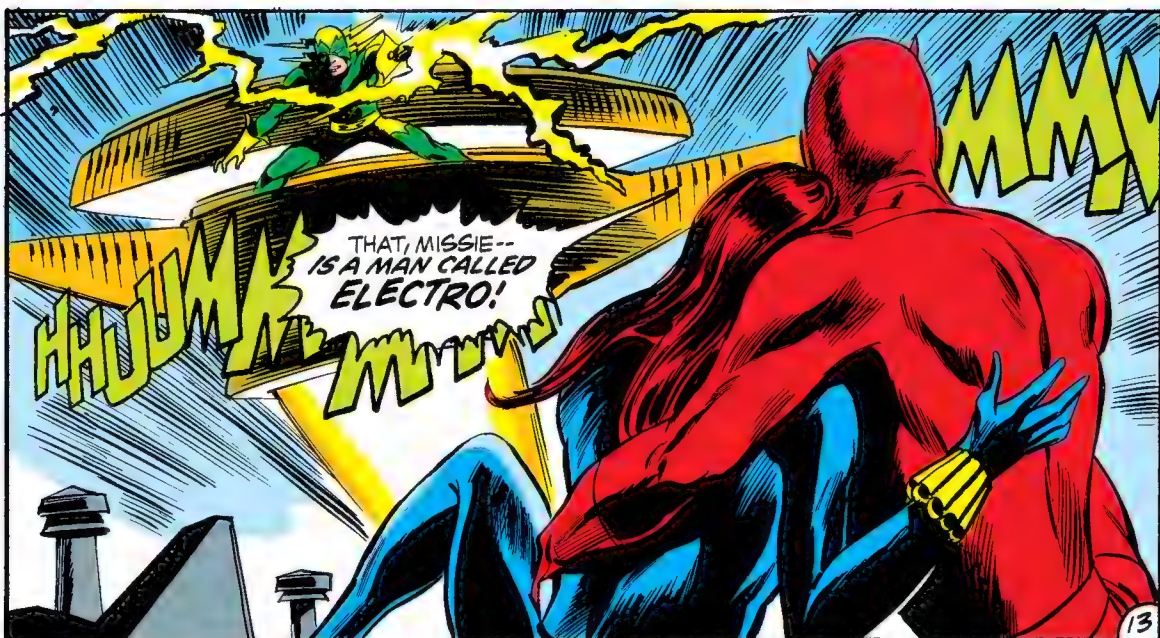
WELL, OL' IVAN CAN
SPEAK FOR
HIMSELF--

--BUT AS
FOR **ME**, LITTLE
LADY-- YOUR
FIGHTS ARE
MY FIGHTS!

AND--AH--
SPEAKING
OF FIGHTS--!



THAT--THAT
SOUND!
MATT, WHAT
IS IT--?



THAT, MISSIE--
IS A MAN CALLED
ELECTRO!

HIS LIPS DRAW BACK IN A *SNEER*, A HOLLOW LAUGH ECHOING OVER THE EVENING ROOFTOPS--AND IN THE SOFT BLUE LIGHT RADIATING BEHIND HIM, HIS FEATURES ARE SHADOWED, SATURNINE--!

THEN, THE GRIN *FADES*--THE EYES NARROW, GROWING *COLDER*--! HIS HANDS CLENCH AT HIS SIDES, OPEN INTO BIRDLIKE *CLAWS*--AND WITH A MAD BELLOW OF INSANE RAGE, HE *DIVES*--!

NOW, MISTER--

--YOU MADE ME *RUN* THE LAST TIME WE FOUGHT--

--SO I'VE GOT A LITTLE *DEBT*--

MOVE, TASHA--

ELECTRO'S DANGEROUS, BUT NOT *HALF* AS DANGEROUS AS THE MAN I'D LAY ODDS IS PILOTING THAT *SHIP*--

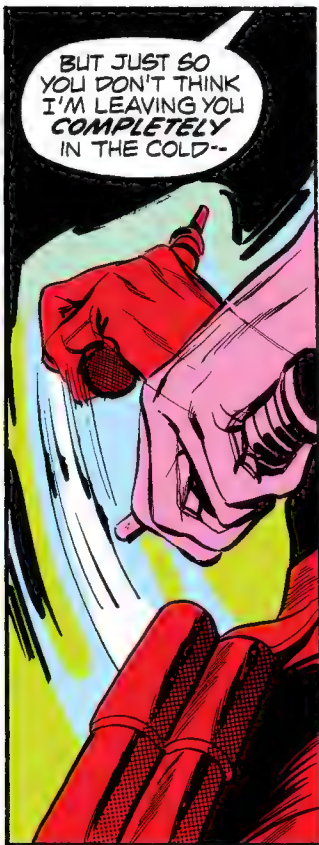
--AND *KILLGRAVE'S MINE!*

--ONE I MEAN TO *PAY!*

DO WHAT YOU *HAVE* TO DO, DAREDEVIL!

I'LL HOLD OFF ELECTRO TILL YOU RETURN-- BUT *HURRY*, DAREDEVIL-- I NEED YOU *NEAR* ME, NOW--YOU *KNOW* THAT!

BELIEVE ME, TASHA-- I *DO*.



BUT JUST SO
YOU DON'T THINK
I'M LEAVING YOU
COMPLETELY
IN THE COLD--



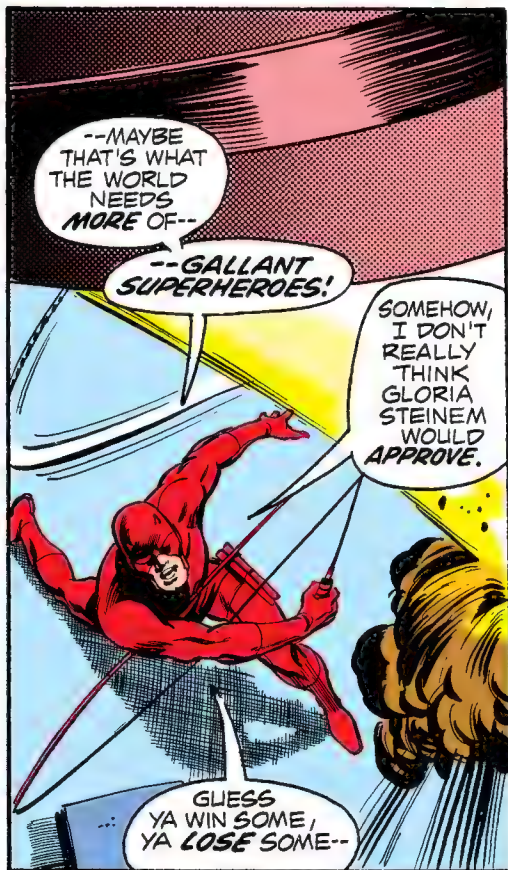
--SUPPOSE I
SOFTEN THINGS
UP A BIT WITH
MY TRUSTY
BILLY
CLUB--



--NOT
THAT I
EXPECT
YOU'LL
NEED
IT--

--JUST
A SMALL
GESTURE,
A TOUCH OF
CHIVALRY.

HMMM. I
LIKE THE
SOUND
OF THAT--

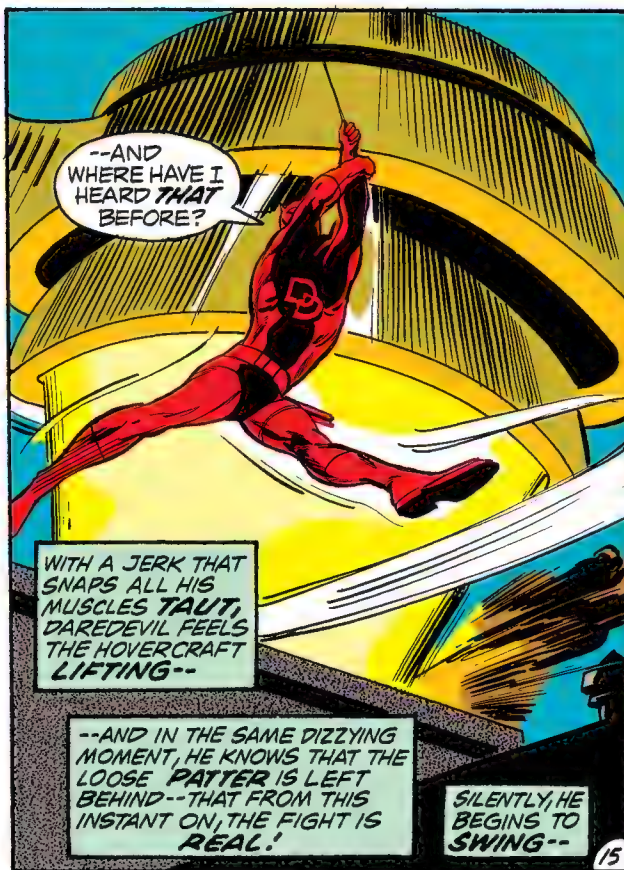


--MAYBE
THAT'S WHAT
THE WORLD
NEEDS
MORE OF--

--GALLANT
SUPERHEROES!

SOMEHOW,
I DON'T
REALLY
THINK
GLORIA
STEINEM
WOULD
APPROVE.

GUESS
YA WIN SOME,
YA **LOSE** SOME--

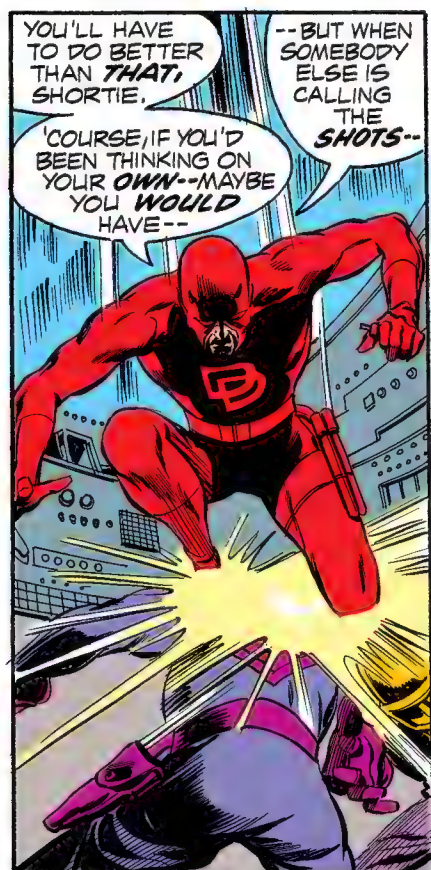
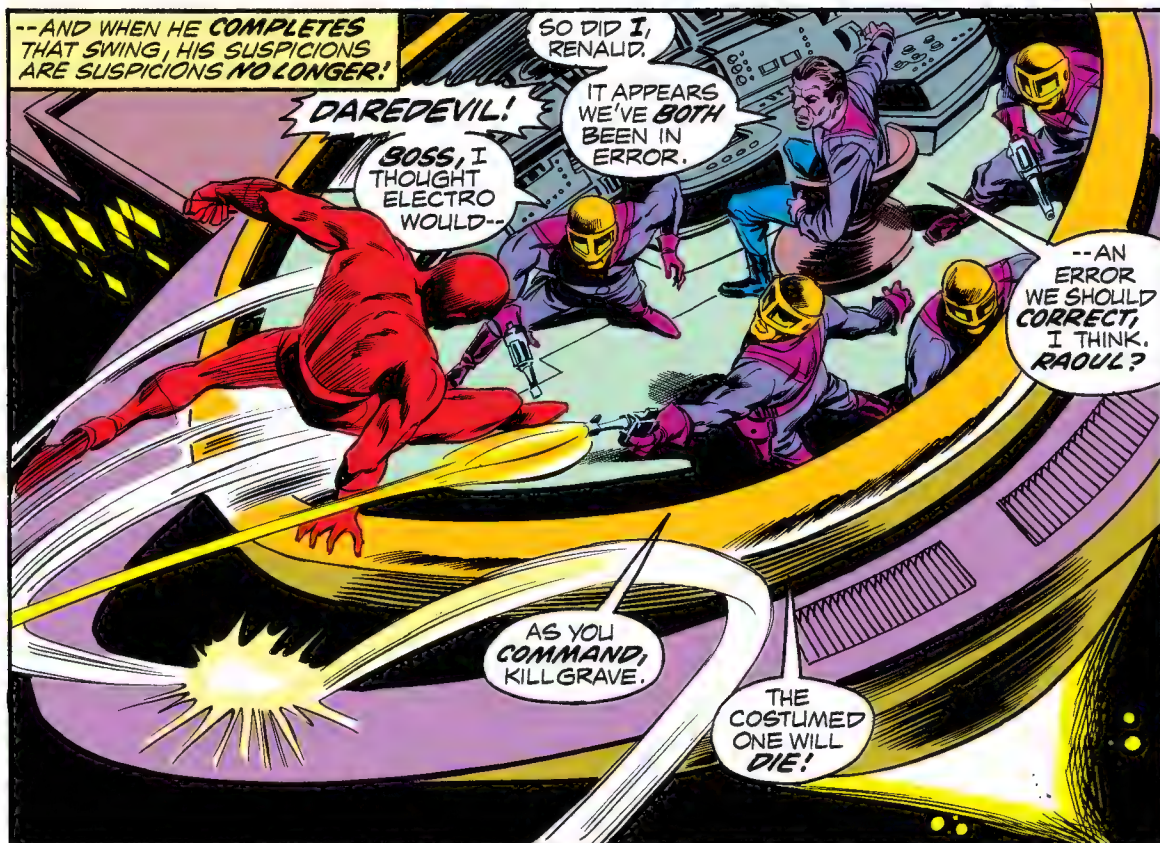


--AND
WHERE HAVE I
HEARD **THAT**
BEFORE?

WITH A JERK THAT
SNAPS ALL HIS
MUSCLES **TAUT**,
DAREDEVIL FEELS
THE HOVERCRAFT
LIFTING--

--AND IN THE SAME DIZZYING
MOMENT, HE KNOWS THAT THE
LOOSE **PATTER** IS LEFT
BEHIND--THAT FROM THIS
INSTANT ON, THE FIGHT IS
REAL!

SILENTLY, HE
BEGINS TO
SWING--





MISTAKE?
NOT **REALLY**,
DAREDEVIL.

I'M AFRAID THE
ERROR IS **YOURS**--
IN ASSUMING THAT
THEY **ALONE** ARE
ALL THE **THREAT**
I HAVE TO OFFER--

--YOU
FORGET THE
**PURPLE
MIST!**



DO I,
NOW?

MAYBE THAT'S
WHY I FIXED
UP A SET
OF HANDY
**NOSTRIL
FILTERS--**

--'CAUSE
I FORGOT
ABOUT **LAST
TIME**,
RIGHT?



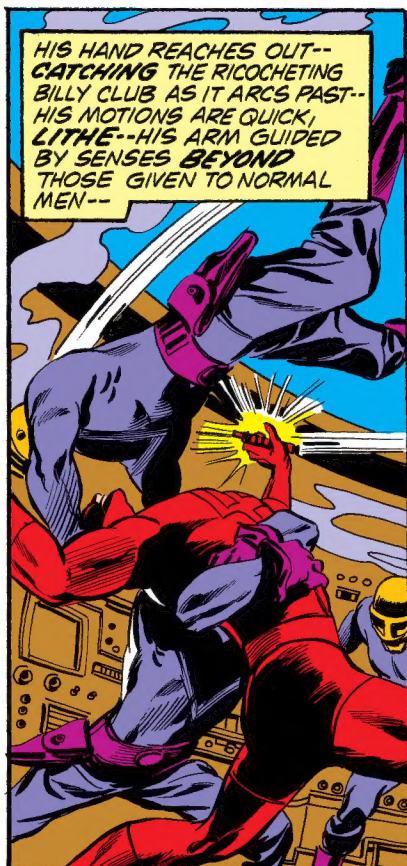
MOCK ME,
THEN--

IT ONLY
BETRAYS
YOUR FEAR, YOUR
IGNORANCE!



YEAH--LIKE
THAT GAS BOMB
SHOWS YOUR
COURAGE,
KILLGRAVE?

SORRY.
I DON'T **BUY**.

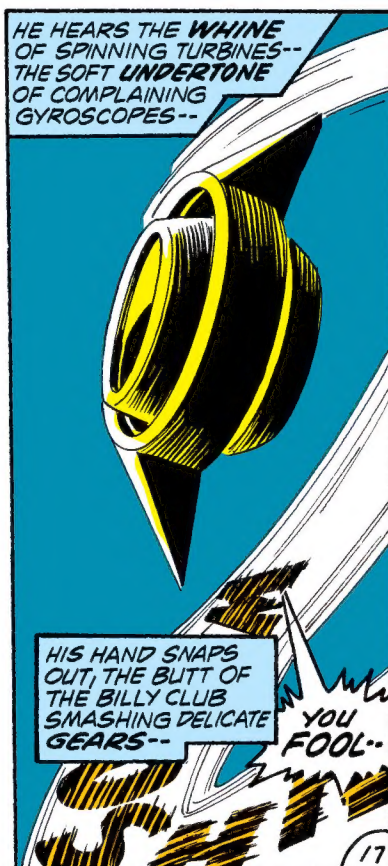


HIS HAND REACHES OUT--
CATCHING THE RICOCHETING
BILLY CLUB AS IT ARCS PAST--
HIS MOTIONS ARE QUICK,
LITHE--HIS ARM GUIDED
BY SENSES **BEYOND**
THOSE GIVEN TO NORMAL
MEN--



TENSING, HE PITCHES
FORWARD, BALANCING
HIMSELF AT AN **ANGLE**
TO THE HOVERCRAFT'S
WILDLY SHIFTING
PLANE--

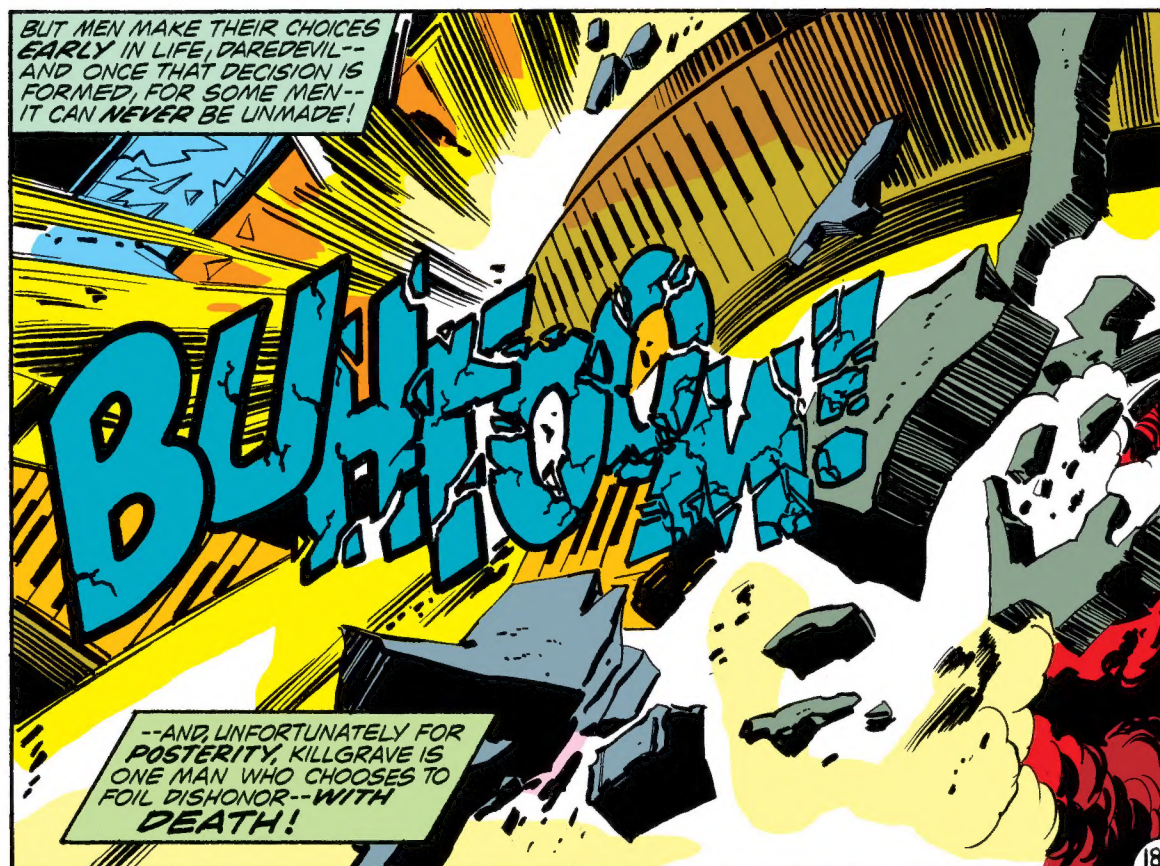
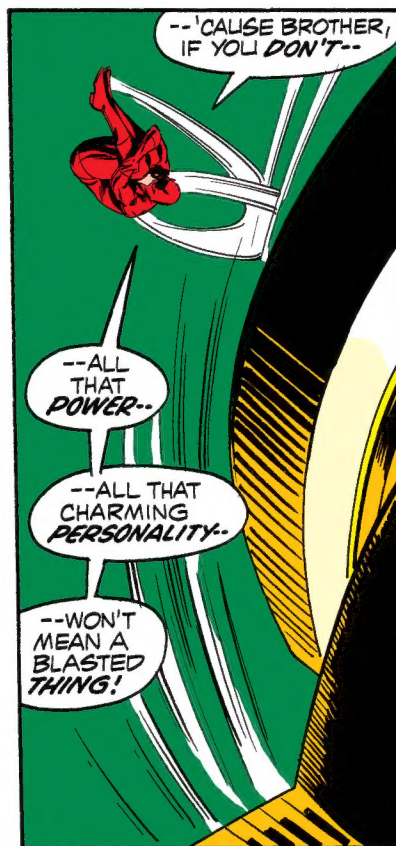
HIS MOUTH FORMS
A THIN LINE, HIS
FEATURES GROW
STIFF WITH
**CONCENTRA-
TION--**

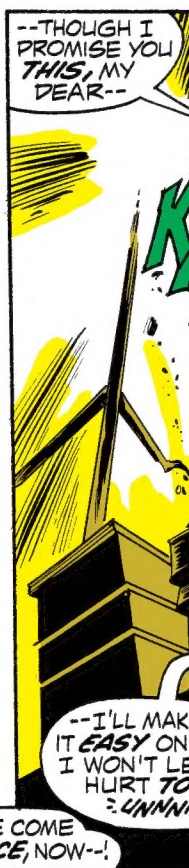
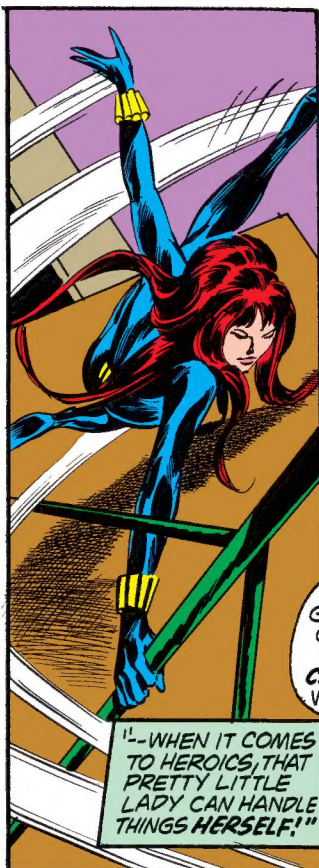
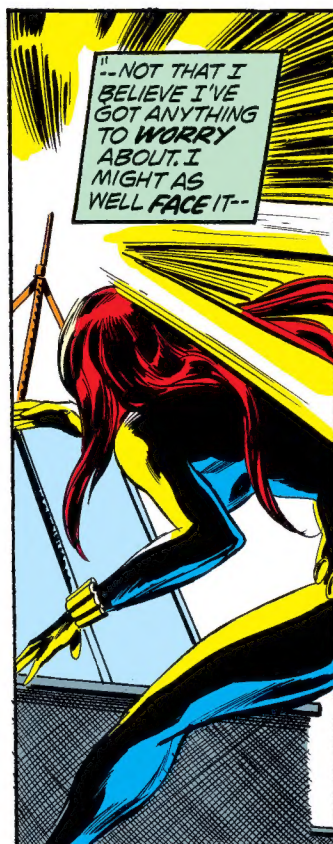
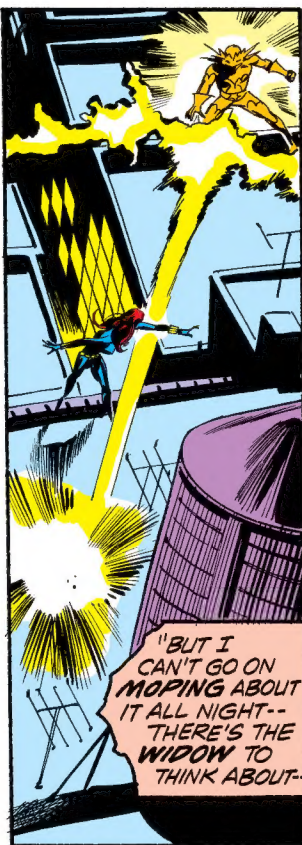


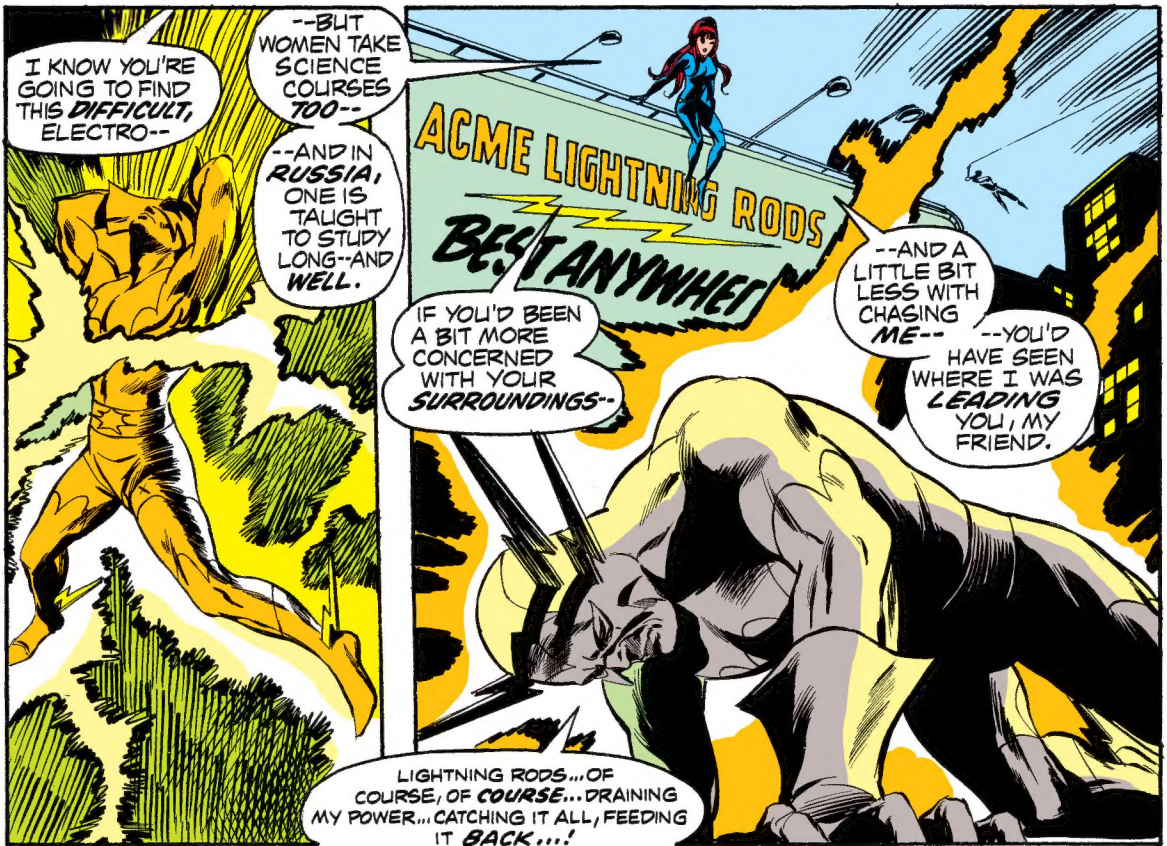
HE HEARS THE **WHINE**
OF SPINNING TURBINES--
THE SOFT **UNDERTONE**
OF COMPLAINING
GYROSCOPES--

HIS HAND SNAPS
OUT, THE BUTT OF
THE BILLY CLUB
SMASHING DELICATE
GEARS--

YOU
FOOL--







I KNOW YOU'RE GOING TO FIND THIS ***DIFFICULT***, ELECTRO--

--BUT WOMEN TAKE SCIENCE COURSES TOO--

--AND IN RUSSIA, ONE IS TAUGHT TO STUDY LONG--AND WELL.

IF YOU'D BEEN A BIT MORE CONCERNED WITH YOUR ***SURROUNDINGS***--

--AND A LITTLE BIT LESS WITH CHASING ***ME***--

--YOU'D HAVE SEEN WHERE I WAS ***LEADING*** YOU, MY FRIEND.

LIGHTNING RODS...OF COURSE, OF COURSE...DRAINING MY POWER...CATCHING IT ALL, FEEDING IT ***BACK***...!



EXACTLY, ELECTRO.

BLAST YOU, WOMAN-- YOU'LL ***PAY*** FOR THIS, I PROMISE YOU!

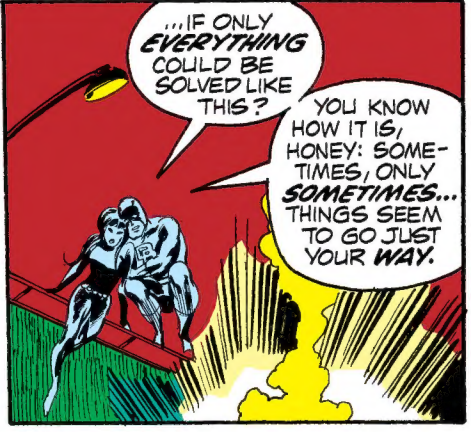
I... PROMISE... YOU....



I GATHER YOU'VE GOT THINGS WELL IN ***HAND***, TASHA.

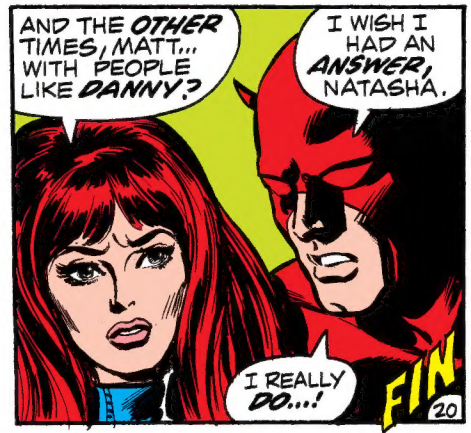
WITH JUST A ***LITTLE*** BIT OF LUCK, MATT.

IF ***ONLY***...



...IF ONLY ***EVERYTHING*** COULD BE SOLVED LIKE THIS?

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS, HONEY: SOMETIMES, ONLY ***SOMETIMES***... THINGS SEEM TO GO JUST YOUR WAY.



AND THE ***OTHER*** TIMES, MATT... WITH PEOPLE LIKE ***DANNY***?

I WISH I HAD AN ***ANSWER***, NATASHA.

I ***REALLY*** DO...!

FIN 20